

LT LIFE SAFE; DIED OF WOUNDS

Philadelphia Had Written Confidently on Eve of Sixth Battle

THE NEW NAME LISTED

Quality List for This Section Consists Mainly of Corrections—743 for Nation

Honor Roll for City and Its Vicinity

KILLED IN ACTION

Private J. H. ...

Private ...



NICHOLAS HELLER, Killed. Sergt. WALTER T. BRUNER, Gassed. EDWARD J. REVELL, Died from Wounds.

YANK'S LIPS SEALED UNDER BOCHE TORTURE

Horrible Suffering Did Not Force Private Chicano to Give Secrets

For days Private Joseph Chicano, 501 Hall street, lay in German trenches enduring thirst and suffering from untreated wounds rather than give information that would mean death to hundreds of his fellow Americans.

One eye was shot away and he had shrapnel wounds in the side and leg. A German officer placed a revolver against his breast and fired, but Chicano never weakened.

Only the arrival of Americans in a charge saved his life. Chicano is among the 700 or more wounded men sent to the Cape May hospital from overseas to recover.

Among them are several other Philadelphians. Chicano will have an operation and expects shortly to return home. He is cheerful, like all the others in the hospital, and he makes little fuss over the Distinguished Service Cross awarded him for offering himself as a martyr to honor.

Other Philadelphians at the hospital are Private Martin Groom, 317 Lehigh street; Company M, Forty-second Pioneer Infantry; First Lieutenant Theodore Beck, 2613 North Carlele street, captain of the 35th Infantry, who was pastor of East End Baptist church, Williamsport, before he enlisted; Corporal Harry E. Blaker, 6027 North Lehigh street, Company C, Seventy-sixth Field Artillery; Robert A. Ross, 732 South Twenty-first street, Company C, 15th Machine Gun Battalion; Private William S. Harbour, Machine Gun Company, 19th Infantry, 5212 Jackson street; Private William A. Kurlander, 1400 North 26th street, Company A, 15th Machine Gun Battalion; Private Harry Widman, 2428 Master street, 30th Sanitary Train; Private Adolph E. Brenner, 8095 Gibson avenue, Supply Company, 31st Infantry; Harry C. Mandell, Company C, 31st Infantry, 2825 Huntington street, and John S. Corto, Private, Company B, 21st Supply Train, 1138 South 18th street.

Colonel Avner Miner, heroic commander of the 19th Field Artillery, was returned to his home in Wilkes-Barre. He passed through Philadelphia on the way from the hospital at New York. But he modestly refused to talk about his exploits that cost him one foot and won him the Distinguished Service Cross. He was lavish in praise of the regiment.

Market Guide for Housewives

Prepared by the City Marketing Agent of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture

ABUNDANT—Potatoes, onions, cabbage, carrots, turnips, apples, squash and lemons.

NORMAL—Parsnips, celery, grapefruit, oranges, lemons and beets.

SCARCE—Sweet potatoes, tomatoes, eggplant, peppers, spinach, beans, cranberries, strawberries and grapes.

Fruit, Grade, etc.

VEGETABLES—Cost to Retailer Today

Beets—Barrel, 12.50-13.00

Carrots—New Jersey, 5 bushels, 5.00-5.50

Cabbage—New York, barrel, 2.75-3.00

Celery—New York, washed, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Lettuce—Florida, 18-22 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Onions—New York, No. 1, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Potatoes—New York, No. 1 white, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Sweet potatoes—New Jersey, 5 bushels, 5.00-5.50

Turnips—New Jersey, 4 bushels, 4.00-4.50

FRUIT—New York, Baldwin, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Apples—New York, Greening, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Belgian varieties, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Heliolets, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Cranberries—New Jersey, barrel, 10.00-12.00

Grapefruit—Florida, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Lemons—California, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Oranges—California, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Cost to Consumer

Beets—Barrel, 21.00-22.00

Carrots—New Jersey, 5 bushels, 8.00-9.00

Cabbage—New York, barrel, 4.00-4.50

Celery—New York, washed, 100 lbs, 1.00-1.25

Lettuce—Florida, 18-22 lbs, 1.00-1.25

JOHNSON ART GALLERY ACCUSE LABOR LEADER OF PARKWAY ASSURED OF PLANNING LARCENY

Announcement Follows Conference—City Will Be Asked for \$500,000

The John G. Johnson Art Gallery, to house and exhibit the 1500 paintings and other art works, bequeathed in trust to the city, will be built on the Parkway.

That announcement was made today after a conference at the Mayor's office yesterday which was attended by Joseph E. Widener, City Solicitor; Councilman, City Engineer, Director of Public Works, and others.

The conference agreed upon the form of action, framed by City Solicitor Widener, and approved by the Mayor and Common Council, authorizing the city in its corporate capacity, as trustee under the Johnson will, to join the petition in the Orphans' Court for the sale of the old Johnson mansion, 210 South Broad street, and the creation of the new Johnson Art Gallery on the Parkway.

The Court, after the city as trustee has been properly joined in the petition, will hear evidence of Mr. Widener's experts on the condition of the property, entirely upon the objection of the Johnson family.

Mr. Widener said that he could produce proofs that the exhibition of the art collection in the Johnson mansion would be inadvisable. The preservation of the collection in a separate gallery will depend entirely upon the objection of the Orphans' Court.

Chairman Gaffney, of the Finance Committee of Councils, said that the value of the property is about \$1,000,000, the cost of the gallery would be about \$2,400,000, and the city would have to provide in a permanent loan.

Mr. Hartnett told us that Cronin went to a North Broad street garage, where he worked, and asked Hartnett to steal the car. Cronin said he would leave the car, valued at \$3000, outside the Perry Building on the night of November 26 and on the night of November 27.

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SOLDIER SAVES COMRADE

Fellow Yank Writes of Heroism of Sergeant Achuff

The heroism of Sergeant Walter E. Achuff, Company B, 19th Infantry, in saving a comrade, is described by Private Nicholas, of the same company.

Sergeant Achuff, then twenty-two years old, enlisted shortly after the war was declared. He was sent to Camp Lee and then to Camp Mills. During the early part of the war he was in the 19th Infantry, and he was in the 19th Infantry when he saved his comrade.

At the outbreak of the war he enlisted with the Seventy-second Seaforth Highlanders, of which he had been a member once before. His knowledge of the machine gun won him a promotion to a machine-gun unit.

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Our All-the-Year-Round Picnics

Jim says he's glad he's not a millionaire so he had to take vacations on wheels. When we get a day off it's on for us—from camp in the morning—and by the time we've covered a stage walk and luncheon arrives, we're simply starved.

We take our lunch with us, usually, and you may be sure I'm careful to prepare it beforehand in proportion to Jim's appetite.

I make sandwiches of meat or cheese or whatever I happen to have in the house, and sometimes we have deli-ed eggs wrapped in lettuce leaves. If it's really chilly, Jim builds a fire and we roast potatoes or bread chops. But no matter what it is, we never go out on an all-day hike without a small bottle of A1 Sauce.

Jim loves it, and it certainly is the soul of these picnic lunches. It has a rich, Frenchy flavor to it, you know. Jim says there isn't anything like it in the world, and I believe he's right. But then I usually think that about Jim!—Adv.

And So They Were Married

Episode Three—(Jealousy) By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

BETTY'S studio was not so attractive as Gene's big place, and yet it was somehow attractive enough in its way.

It consisted of one very large room on the top floor of an old house on the east side and looked picturesque because Gene's and because of the very fact that it looked new. The floor was shiny with varnish and the woodwork was new, but the room was so delightfully large and Betty had so few things in it that it seemed even larger than it was.

Betty lived with another girl who was also on the stage, and Ruth had just conceived a dislike for her. She hadn't Betty's breeding, but she was very pretty in a certain showy way. She rose from the couch as they came in and was instantly ready for anything. Betty introduced her, and Ruth was surprised that there was any one living a Bohemian life that Scott had not met before.

"Was the play good?" she asked, and then, without waiting for Betty to answer, she turned to Scott and said, "I'm not just now, and can't go out."

"I offered to take you," called Betty from the kitchenette.

"Oh, I know you did. I was coming to that."

"Call down and see who's here," Betty said again. "I'm going to make a rabbit, and it might as well be a big one."

Ruth had by this time removed her coat and now sat back in one of the big chairs looking really lovely. If she had known it, she was as different from the other girl as day is from night, but she felt it at once before her eyes while she despised her. It was the vague feeling that even this girl was doing something more interesting to a man than household work, for Betty was talking and laughing with her and leaving Ruth to herself. Finally the girl's name was Daisy Manning, well to the door and called down over the banister to the people below. She also pointed on the door opposite and in a few minutes several people came in. As usual, Ruth felt the outsider, and Betty was the center of attention. Ruth wondered how it was that Scott fraternized with the crowd, where he was really an outsider as she was. But what was that? That was the question. Where?

"Man and Wife Asphyxiated" Section, Pa., Jan. 11.—Asphyxiated as they slept by fumes of illuminating gas, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Roberts, 210 Wilson street, were found early this morning by their daughter, Rose H. Roberts.

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of the room, but somehow her pride held her rooted in her seat, although she hardly heard the conversation going on around her. Scott and Betty exchanged little remarks, and Ruth's eyes were fixed to hear every word that was said between them. Her mind was settling around just one thing—the fact that Scott had lied to her about his relations with Betty. It certainly looked so to Ruth at that moment.

"He said they were just friendly," Ruth stormed to herself, "and yet he openly said me for her. He does his best to make her at the theatre and jump at the invitation here and think he can treat me as he likes."

As a matter of fact, if Ruth had stopped to reason at all, she would have realized that there was safety in the open way with which Scott and Betty were conducting their flirtation. If it could be called that, she knew, too, that it wasn't true that Scott had purposely sought her out at the theatre, but she intended to accuse him of it; she wanted to believe it. Ruth did not realize how these feelings of hers were transforming her nature. Jealousy is one of the most potent things in the world and can do more harm than any other emotion, because it twists and warps the truth.

One of the ways that Ruth suddenly heard a remark that electrified her. "Will you do that, Scott?" came in Betty's high voice.

"Of course I will."

"All right, I'll meet you tomorrow."

Ruth's heart seemed to stop beating. They were making an appointment. What was it? Why hadn't she listened? How dared Betty Lambert make an appointment with Scott right before her eyes?

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This Paramount Star

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"Hearken," said a maiden fair— A girl with a wealth of beautiful hair; Whose name we see emblazoned far, On the screens of filmdom—a glowing star.

"Hearken dear maidens—you who long, For the admiration of the throng; While I tell of a charm, each may possess, Of more importance than form or dress.

To all the world you will seem fair, With lustrous, shimmering, glossy hair. Hair that will be your greatest pride, May be obtained with Herculicide.

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Girls! Girls! Girls!

There are thousands of girls reading the morning and Evening Ledger every day.

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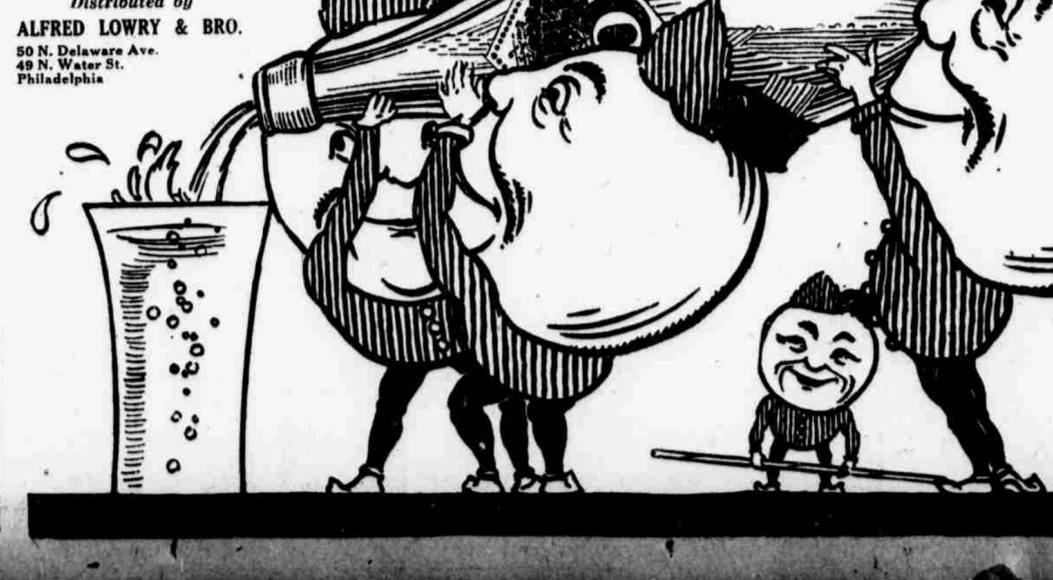
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